

I'm walking!!

I've been up and walking again, for about a month now.

It's wonderful to be vertical once more, after almost 5 years in a wheelchair! My legs are strong again, but my feet have opted-out on the new walking thing, so they remain...asleep. I guess.

So, if barefoot, I can only stand there. My feet won't go forward, without me toppling over. So, I now own a new pair of orthopedic shoes, and with them, I can walk. Slowly, wobbly, and cattywompus, with a cane. But, I can walk!

No more boasting about being able to go barefoot, and only having one pair of shoes (my squishy pink crocs, that you'd THINK would be sufficient enough for walking, but no, I have to wear real, bonafide, certified, full-blown SHOES now.) They are ugly. And that's what I get, for so many things. Foot things. ...nevermind.

So, I am up again, and at the relatively young age of 50, am getting around like a 99+ year old. I take short, scuffly little steps, slowly, stopping on occasion, but not to smell the roses. I have to pause so I don't fall down. My dog and cat are excited at this new curiosity in the home, wondering what's going on. All this time, they've been using me for a free taxi ride through the house, in the electric wheelchair. The dog always rode on my lap, and the cat up on the headrest. It reminded me of my favorite Bloom County character, Cutter John, with all his animal friends with him on his chair.

I asked my husband to hide my chair away, so I don't have to look at it anymore. I'm moving forward. God is so good!

He humbled me, He strengthened me. All according to His will.

I'm happy to have strength again, and be up and walking.

But I would have also accepted it and trusted Him if He saw fit to keep me that way, or even weaker. Strong or weak, I'm His, and I'm gonna praise Him!

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